

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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"He doesn't know anything about the man except that his hand shot like



"FARLEU!" MUTTERED THE SHRIMP.

a vice on the shrimp's throat and nearly choked the life out of him. You can see the nail marks still on the cheek and neck, but he remembers distinctly that the man carried something in his hand."

"My God! The missing pair of boots!" cried Coquell. "Was it?" Tignol nodded. "Sure! He was carrying 'em loose in his hand. I mean they were not wrapped up. He was going to leave 'em in Kittredge's room. Here it is, A." He pointed to the diagram.

"It's true. It must be true," murmured M. Paul. "And what then?" "Nothing. I guess the man saw it was only a shrimp he had hold of, so he shook him two or three times and dropped him back into his own room, and he never said a word."

Coquell's face grew sadder. "It was the assassin," he said. "There's no doubt about it." The detective stopped short. "Great heavens," he cried, "I can prove it! You say his nail marks show?"

Tignol shrugged his shoulders. "They show as little scratches."

"Little scratches are all I want," said the other, snapping his fingers excitedly. "It's simply a question which side of his throat bears the thumb mark. We know the murderer is a left handed man, and, being suddenly attacked, he certainly used the full strength of his left hand in the first desperate clutch. He was facing the man as he took him by the throat, so if he used his left hand the thumb mark must be on the left side of the photographer's throat, whereas if a right handed man had done it the thumb mark would be on the right side."

"Yes," said Tignol. "Now bring the man in here." "I'll get him in," said the commissary.

A few moments later was brought in a thin, sleepy little person wrapped in a red dressing gown.

The photographer stood meekly for inspection while Coquell studied the marks on his face. There, plainly marked on the left side of the throat, was a single imprint, the curving red mark where a thumb nail had closed hard, while on the right were prints of the fingers.

"He used his left hand, all right," said Coquell. "and, asprist, he had sharp nails!"

"Farleu!" mumbled the shrimp. Patiently the photographer stood still while the commissary and Tignol tried to stretch their fingers over the red marks that scarred his countenance. And neither of them succeeded. They could cover all the marks except that of the little finger, which was quite beyond their reach. Coquell remembered Alice's words that day as she looked at his plaster casts.

A very long little finger—here it was, one that must equal the length of that famous seventeenth century criminal's little finger in his collection. But this man was living! He had brought back Kittredge's boots! He was left handed! He had a very long little finger! And Alice knew such a man!

CHAPTER XIV. THE MEMORY OF A DOG.

IT was a quarter past 4 and still night when Coquell left the Hotel des Etrangers. He carried the leather bag taken from the automobile. A hundred yards behind him, in exactly similar dress, came Papa Tignol, peering into the shadows with sharpest watchfulness against human shadows bent on harassing M. Paul. Close to Notre Dame the leader paused for his companion.

"There's nothing," he said as the latter joined him. "Take the bag and wait for me, but keep out of sight."

Coquell walked across the square to the cathedral.

He was confident as he rang the night bell at the archbishop's house beside the cathedral, for he had one precious clue—he had the indication of this extraordinarily long little finger, and he did not believe that in all France there were two men with hands like that. And he knew there was one such man, for Alice had seen him. Where had she seen him?

And presently, after a sleepy salutation from the archbishop's servant and a brief explanation, M. Paul was shown through a stone passageway that connects the church with the house, and he found himself alone in Notre Dame. As he stood uncertain which way to turn the detective heard a step and a low growl, and, peering among the arches of the choir, he saw a lantern advancing, then a figure holding the lantern, then another crouching figure moving before the lantern. Then he recognized Caesar.

"Phee-et, phee-et!" he whistled softly. "Good old Caesar! There, there!" murmured Coquell, fondling the eager head. "It's all right, Bonneton," and, coming forward, he held out his hand.

Wondering, Bonneton led the way to a small room adjoining the treasure chamber.

"Hey, Francois!" He shook a sleeping figure on a cot bed. "It's time to make the round."

Francois looked stupidly at Coquell, and then, with a yawn and a shrug of indifference, he called to the dog, while Caesar growled his reluctance.

"It's all right, old fellow," encouraged Coquell. "I'll see you again," whereupon Caesar trotted away reassured.

"Now, then," began M. Paul, "I want to ask about that girl who sells candles. She boards with you. You know she's in love with this American who is in prison?" "I know."

"She came to see me the other day, and the result of her visit was—well, it has made a lot of trouble. What I'm going to say you mustn't tell a soul—least of all your wife."

"You can trust me." "To begin with, who is the man with the long little finger that she told me about?"

"Why, that's Groener," answered Bonneton simply. "Groener? Oh, her cousin?" "Yes."

(To Be Continued.)

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All parties holding stock in Medford and Butte Falls Telephone company are requested to report same to secretary at Butte Falls, Oregon, within 30 days after date of this notice or stock will be cancelled.

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Suffragettes Rejoicing in Fact Just Discovered That Iron Chancellor Would Advocate Their Cause If He Were Not Dead.

BERLIN, May 6.—There is rejoicing among the suffragettes over the discovery that Bismarck would have been a champion of theirs were he now living. The booksellers expect them to look him up and clear the shop shelves of overstocks of writings on his career. He appears to have committed himself to the cause on the eve of his dismissal from the councils of the present emperor, according to a suffragette who heard of it from the woman to whom on that occasion he said:

"I am what I am because of my wife. Every woman who elevates a man has my profound respect. A good woman appeals to a man's better nature. She teaches him true morality and religion, she upholds his ideals and she weaves the roses of heaven into his earthly life."

"For a long time it has been my wish to draw women into politics. I fear that the time has not yet arrived. We are only in the school-room of our political experiences. Our great Queen Louisa was a politician, however, and a shining example of what the good woman may do in public life. Her single ambition was to make the Fatherland great, rich and powerful. No one that has ever lived has had from me more sincere reverence."

"If our cultured women would be politicians with such ideals there would be no danger of trespass upon a man's preserves. Their influence would tend toward the constant betterment of government. The ladies of salons of other times resorted to politics. Some of them brought it into discredit, because their motives were not good and pure but they pursued selfish aims. The day will come when women will be asked to co-operate with the men for the welfare of the nations."

"Men are clumsy creatures, especially Germans. Even our diplomats are ungainly bears. There would be fewer leaks to disturb the good understanding of governments if women were in diplomacy. No one knows so well as a woman the proper time for silence. A sensible woman is the best repository for a secret."

"On the other hand, such a woman can draw secrets from others. By mere banter or lively chatter she can lead a man to tell things he would never disclose to a man. Women talk so ingratiatingly on the most difficult subjects that we men drop our guard, donkeys that we are, and before we know it we have said more than we have intended, for everything feminine beats us in cunning."

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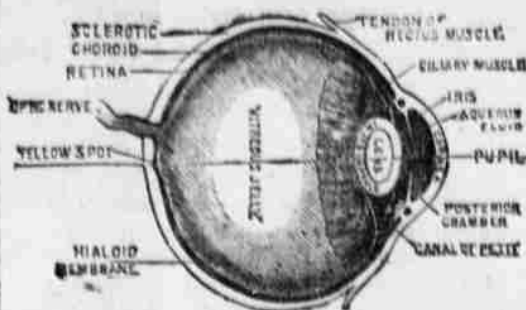
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